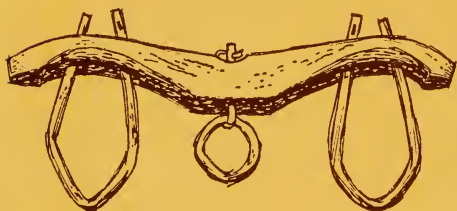


MY ABRAHAM LINCOLN


GUY RICHARDSON

LINCOLN ROOM
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY



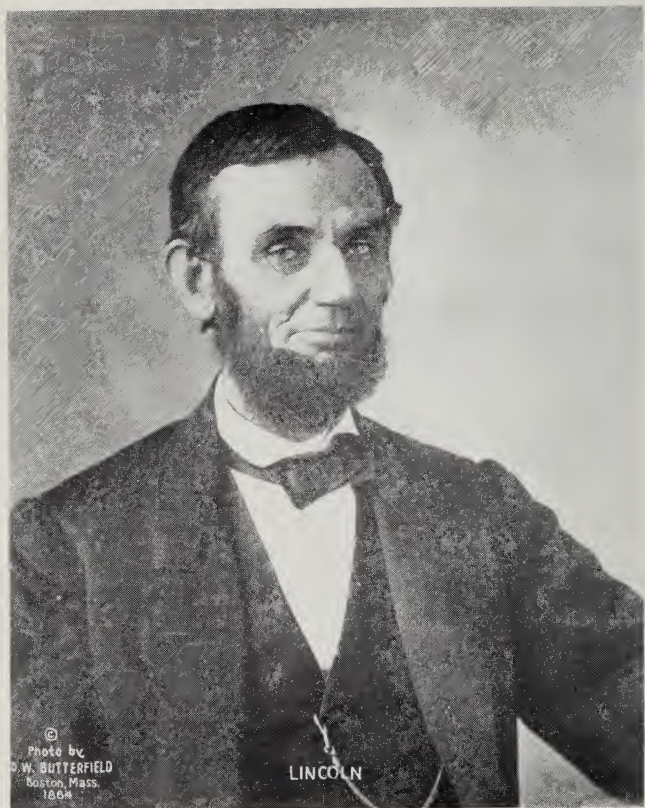
MEMORIAL
the Class of 1901

founded by
HARLAN HOYT HORNER
and
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

MY ABRAHAM LINCOLN



LINCOLN "WITH THE SLEEPY EYES"
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LATE DAVID W.
BUTTERFIELD, OF BOSTON, WHICH HE SAID HE
TOOK AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1864

MY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Radio and Other Addresses

By

GUY RICHARDSON

Past National Patriotic Instructor
Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War

Illustrated

Boston

Published by the Author

1937

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
TRADE SELLING AGENTS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Copyright, 1937
By Guy Richardson

Published February, 1937, by Guy Richardson
104 Robinwood Avenue, Boston

973. 7263

GR 39m

Lincoln
Room

To

My Father's Comrade

COMMANDER JOSEPH WILLIS

Past Department Commander, New Hampshire
Grand Army of the Republic
And Sole Surviving Member of Natt Westgate
Post 50, G. A. R., Haverhill, N. H.

These Sketches of Their Great Captain
Are Reverently Dedicated

CONTENTS

	PAGE
February 12	10
I Introducing My Abraham Lincoln.	11
II The Living Lincoln	17
*The Surrender of Richmond, by George W. Richardson, 9th Vermont Volunteers	21
III At the Tomb of Abraham Lincoln.	29
*The Hero We Crown Today, Centennial Poem by Mary Whedon Bandy	36
IV The Second Nomination of Abra- ham Lincoln for President .	40
V Learning from Lincoln	46
VI Lincoln's Greatness of Heart.....	55
VII Lincoln in New Hampshire.....	59
VIII U. S. Grant.....	69
IX Walt Whitman and the Civil War.	79
X In Memoriam	91
XI The Grand Army of the Republic.	98
XII *Twice-Told Anecdotes of Abra- ham Lincoln	104
XIII *Abraham Lincoln's Personal Ap- pearance in 1860	108

*Not written by the author of My Abraham Lincoln.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Lincoln "with the sleepy eyes," from
a photograph by the late David W.
Butterfield, of Boston, which he said
he took at the White House in 1864 *Frontispiece*

Portrait of Abraham Lincoln painted by
William Patterson in Administration
Building, Lincoln Park, Chicago....*Facing p. 31*

"It was a portrait of his hero"..... " *p. 48*

The Father of his Country receives
Lincoln to his bosom..... " *p. 64*

Silhouette of Lincoln's head, from an
old pen and ink drawing now owned
by the Author *p. 78*

Note about the Frontispiece.. *p. 110*

FEBRUARY 12

Our native son, our proudest name,
The zenith of our country's fame,
Great soul who met his Calvary
In making this great nation free,
Forever lives in memory—
Lincoln!

Through storm and strife he stood the test
Of base abuse and scoffing jest;
The hope of all the world's oppressed;
Kind heart whom greatness most possessed,
The humblest, noblest, and the best—
Lincoln!

The lines printed above are a revised version of those written in January, 1924, which appeared on February 12 of that year in *The Sioux City Journal*, Iowa; *Albuquerque Morning Journal*, New Mexico; and *The Anchorage Daily Times*, Alaska; and, on March 2, in the *Springfield Republican*, Massachusetts.

I

INTRODUCING MY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IN my early boyhood, when I expressed a desire to become a writer, my father suggested that I should get especially interested in some one famous character, and, naturally for a Civil War veteran, he offered General Grant as a promising subject. Although I read with unusual interest Grant's "Personal Memoirs," which came out when I was about thirteen, somehow the personality of the great militarist did not appeal especially to me. Perhaps even then my nature rebelled against the horrors of war too much for me to take as my chief hero one whose greatness was so largely connected with the "glories" of warfare.

It remained till a much later date for me to find that there was one character in hu-

man history whose life story was all absorbing, whose ideals, so far as I could understand them, answered the very highest aspirations of my soul, and whose career was, to me, the most dramatic of any enacted on this globe, save only that of the Man of Galilee. It happened that, but a day or two before I joined the Sons of Veterans in historic Faneuil Hall, Boston, I attended a service at the Union Congregational Church, then in charge of the Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, at which the minister read the story, then recently published from the pen of Miss Ida M. Tarbell, entitled, "He Knew Lincoln." That account, with its gripping portrayal of the very heart of Abraham Lincoln, impressed me as no other piece of biographical writing had ever done, and it was the beginning of my inspiration for a protracted study of him who became my hero. Two years later I was asked to deliver the Memorial Day address in Roxbury, when the G. A. R. Post there was still flourishing, and in my remarks I quoted from memory the more heart-stirring parts of the Tarbell

story. I learned from that experience a lesson which was of inestimable service to me when, as Commander of the Massachusetts Sons of Veterans, I was privileged to speak to G. A. R. audiences in every part of the state. It was that the mere mention of the name LINCOLN aroused immediate and fixed attention on the part of every man in the hall who had worn the Union blue. And when I repeated the story of William Brown's visit to Lincoln in the troublous summer of 1864, as I did on countless occasions, I never failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the Comrades present to a high pitch. That story was the climax of my address, and that its lesson went home to the hearts of the men who fought under Lincoln was proved by many tear-stained faces among them. At the close of Brown's visit to the Anderson Cottage at the Soldiers' Home in Washington, where Lincoln was spending the summer nights, the two men go out into the open and sit upon a bench, continuing their talk "till the stars began to go out." When I had finished telling this

story before the Comrades in one Massachusetts town, a veteran got up and stated that he had himself been on that memorable hill on that very night and that with his own eyes he had seen those two men sitting there in the wee small hours of the night. After this experience, I found a new zest in repeating this touching anecdote of the great-hearted President.

Naturally, I searched carefully through the voluminous literature on Lincoln to add other "heart throbs" with which I strove to entertain my patriotic listeners. This led to a somewhat exhaustive study of the entire career of Abraham Lincoln, resulting in a lecture on the subject illustrated with stereopticon slides. My plan was to store my mind as completely as possible with facts, dates, and appropriate anecdotes to bring out as strongly as I could the human side of the character which has so much impressed me. I began corresponding with Lincoln biographers, and received many valuable and intensely interesting letters, especially from such writers as the late Senator Beveridge

and Dr. William E. Barton. The former, while writing his great book on Lincoln, asked me if I would send him the text of my lecture. This I was unable to do, as I have never written out more than notes to accompany the various pictures. Dr. Barton, before the publication of his authentic "Women Lincoln Loved," cautioned me to "Be careful of your facts when you treat of either Nancy Hanks or Ann Rutledge." In another letter, in response to my enquiry, he stated, "I like Sandburg's book as a poet's interpretation."

If there had not already appeared so many and such excellent Lives of Lincoln, I should long ago have attempted my hand at a portrayal of the man and his remarkable career. As it is, I have contented myself so far with presenting addresses, usually from meager notes, on various phases of Lincoln interest, such as his religion, his love affairs, the Lincoln bibliography, etc. But only the few radio and occasional other addresses, now brought together with one or two other papers on Civil War subjects, have been

written out in full. These I offer, together with excerpts from my father's war papers and the Centennial Poem by Mrs. Bandy, realizing that any authentic contribution to Lincoln lore, however slight, is worthy preservation in permanent form.

Guy Richardson

"Stonehedge," Jamaica Plain, Mass.

II

THE LIVING LINCOLN

Radio Talk on Station WHDH, Boston, February 12,
1934

It is a rare privilege and a real pleasure to say a few words, through the courtesy of WHDH, about the great character whose birthday we are now celebrating.

First, I wish to emphasize the *living* Lincoln, the man who, born one hundred and twenty-five years ago today, and proclaimed dead nearly seventy years ago, is yet the livest person of all reported in the newspaper columns of the present hour. Yesterday I examined a few Sunday newspapers. The New York Times had four magazine pages and the larger part of a news page devoted to Lincoln. The Herald-Tribune had also an equal amount, with two or three extra pages advertising books about Lincoln. The Boston Globe and the Boston

Herald carried special articles of half a page each. The Boston Advertiser and the Boston Post each featured a special portrait of the Great Emancipator. And in today's Boston papers I find two full pages of pictures and a double-column editorial on Lincoln in the Daily Record; some six columns, including poems and portraits, in the Post; while the editorial page of the Herald, and also that of the American, is simply dominated by Lincoln material; the Traveler carries four Lincoln items, including an editorial and an original poem; the Transcript has a leading editorial and other matter; while the Christian Science Monitor devotes six or seven columns to the subject, especially featuring one of Lincoln's visits to Boston; and the Globe gives us the equivalent of a full page, including the leading editorial of the day and, the most important of all, a hitherto unpublished picture showing Lincoln sitting with his son Tad on the bank of Rock Creek in Washington. And what is said of the amount of space devoted to Lincoln in today's Boston newspapers may,

to a greater or less extent, be said of all to-day's papers in every principal city where floats the flag which Abraham Lincoln preserved without the loss of one stripe or of a single star. *No, he is not dead; he is alive today as no other character in all human history is alive.*

And now let me come to a more personal consideration of Lincoln. Of course I never saw him, but I have been privileged to talk with a number who did see him, the most of them veterans of the Civil War. One was my own father who, if the radio voice carries to the celestial camping-ground, is, I am sure, listening to me at this moment. He was "sick and in prison" and the great Lincoln "came unto him" and to thousands of others who lay on hospital cots. At the time, my father was recovering from his illness and able to sit up and minister to a comrade who yet was suffering in bed. And when the President reached this cot, and took in the situation, he reached down his long arm, put it about my father's shoulders and said, "Take good care of him, Son, take

good care of him." I have often thought, when thinking of this incident, that it was *something* to have been touched by the hand of Lincoln!

But my father saw Lincoln on another memorable occasion. It was that April day, in 1865, when, after the fall of Richmond, the President entered that city, the most humble of all conquerors. Let me give the story in my father's own words, as he had written it out on some sheets which I found one day while, with boyish curiosity, I was rummaging through the papers in his desk.

THE SURRENDER OF RICHMOND

APRIL 3, 1865

By Geo. W. Richardson
Ninth Vermont Volunteers

ON the second day of April, 1865, I was on the picket line in front of Richmond. We were in sight of the rebel pickets. The spires of the city could be seen from the lookout. For enemies we were on very friendly terms, the Johnnies visiting our lines, exchanging tobacco for our coffee, and we were not over eighty rods apart. After dark we could hear the pickets joking each other, saying, "Say, Yank, send over the colors of the 11th Connecticut; we have all their men" (Some of the 11th Connecticut had deserted), and we would say, "How is Jeff Davis?" Their answer would be, "Right smart, I reckon," and so the joking went on until after midnight, now the

third of April, and all was still. As soon as the first streak of light we discovered the enemy's works deserted, and we were ordered to advance. We passed into the works, and the only one to be seen was an old darkey who, in answer to our enquiry, said, "Clean gone, Massa," pointing towards Richmond. We formed a skirmish line and advanced. We had gone but a short distance when the order came to rally on the center. The Mayor of Richmond had met us to surrender the city. Our road was near the river, and we witnessed the blowing up of two rebel gunboats, one very near Richmond. When it exploded it shot a sheet of fire a hundred feet in the air. We could see the buildings burning in the city as the Rebs had set fire to it early in the morning. The cry went up that "Libby Prison is a-burning and all our boys in it." (After we got in the city we found the fire did not reach Libby Prison).

As we entered the city we found the streets full of Colored people but hardly a white citizen in sight, and nearly every

Colored man had a small United States flag in his hand. Where they found the flags the Lord only knows. The officer in command found a large Rebel flag and hung it over the rear of his horse and let it drag in the dust as we marched up the street.

In small squads we patrolled the streets. Up Main Street the buildings were burning on each side of the street. Houses were being demolished by powder by the firemen to stop the fire. A few engines worked by hand by the old-fashioned brake were playing a small stream on the fire. The gutters in the streets were actually flowing with liquor the citizens had emptied for fear the Yankee soldiers would get hold of it.

We reported at General Weitzel's headquarters, who had taken possession of the residence of the defunct president of the Confederacy. There we learned that some of the *F. F. V.'s had asked for guards to

* "F. F. V.'s" means, First Families of Virginia. It was a common expression in the South during the Civil War period, denoting the same idea as our "Four Hundred."

be stationed in their houses for fear their Negro servants would drive them out and take possession of their property. I was stationed at the home of Solomon Davis, a merchant and Negro trader, who lived in an elegant mansion on Franklin Street near the State Capitol. He had seven house servants, male and female. In my presence he called them around him and told them they were free and could leave him if they desired to. If they would stay, he would pay them for their services. They all remained while I was there a few days.

The next day, as I was sitting on the porch, Mr. Davis came in and said that Abe Lincoln was coming up the street. He said he did not want to see him. I started out on the double quick to the street, where I saw Lincoln's tall form with bared head, escorted by a few marines, walking up in the middle of the street. The side-walks, the trees and the roofs of houses were occupied by the Negroes, they were so eager to get a sight of him. They exclaimed, "De Lord has come; de Lord has come." Mr. Lincoln

was escorted to General Weitzel's headquarters at the Jeff Davis residence.

Soon after this I joined my regiment near the city. During my stay with Mr. Davis I ate at his table—silver service and servants to wait on me, but little to eat. Flour at this time in Confederate money, \$1100.00 a barrel. Mr. Davis said he took his money in a market basket and brought home his provisions in his purse.

Another Comrade, the late Captain Alfred H. Knowles of Arlington, for several years Commander of the Loyal Legion in Massachusetts, told once in my hearing of seeing Lincoln on that eventful day. At the time, Lincoln was standing up in a sort of cart being driven by a Negro. The curious crowds were pressing about, and the President noticed that a colored mammy, holding an infant in her arms, was trying to attract his attention. He called to the driver to stop. The woman approached the cart, eagerly held out her baby, and Abraham Lincoln

reached down his large hands, carefully took that little black child in his arms, fondled it, and tenderly returned it to the happy mother. When I heard Captain Knowles relate that experience, I could think only of one greater even than Lincoln, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

At my home I have a small packet of letters that are very precious to me. They were written by my father while in the Union service in the South. May I give you just a glimpse of camp life as he reported it to his parents living up in the Vermont hills? It is by George W. Richardson, a private in the Ninth Vermont Volunteers, and is dated, Richmond, Va., April 20, 1865:

I suppose you would like to know what we are about now the fighting is over. We are on the south side of the river, about one mile from Richmond. Our camp is in an open field, very pleasantly situated, overlooking

the city. Perhaps you think we have nothing to do, but if you knew what an unruly set there is in Richmond since the larger part of Lee's army came in you would alter your mind when I tell you that about every other day we have to patrol the city in order to keep everything straight. The city is full of paroled Rebel soldiers and officers and Negroes, and it takes a large force to keep them quiet. The women, as a general thing, are more unruly than the men Business matters are reviving, and the citizens say that it appears like it did before the war. We had a gay time after Lee's surrender. The news came in at midnight. We were called up, and cheered until we were hoarse. For a time there was nothing to dishearten us, until last Sabbath eve when we heard of President Lincoln's death. It was a hard blow to every one, at this time of everything working so well. Soldiers and officers cried like children, and everyone felt that he had lost a friend. Those who were opposed to him seemed to feel the worse. The last time I saw him

was in Richmond, coming out of Jeff Davis' house, where General Weitzel's headquarters were. Every officer wears a badge of mourning, and guns are fired every half hour There are various rumors about our going home, but we do not expect to now till next fall.

III

AT THE TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Radio Talk on Station WAAB, Boston, February 11,
1935

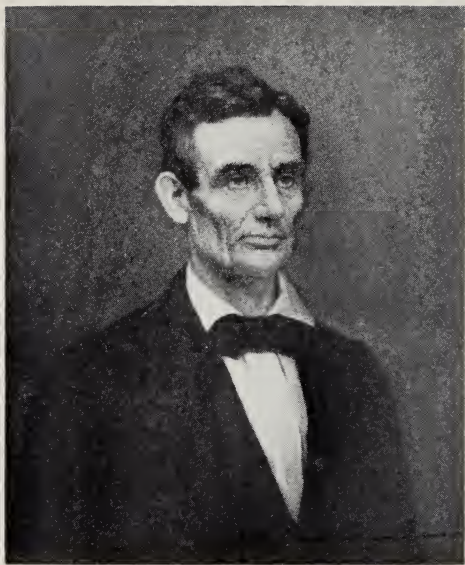
GOOD evening: On this memorable date, the eve of the Twelfth of February, what subject possibly could have place on an American patriotic program, especially one connected with Union veterans of the Civil War, other than that of ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

When you open your favorite newspaper tomorrow, will you try the experiment of noting just how much space, in news, in editorials, in anecdotes, in poems, in feature articles, in illustrations, is devoted to ABRAHAM LINCOLN, born one hundred and twenty-six years ago, dead seventy years ago. *Dead*, did I say? *Dead*—the man who with but a few months' schooling lived to pen the Gettysburg address and the

Second Inaugural, those twin immortal contributions to English literature? No, let us not use the word dead when we refer to one who is so vital in the news of today, who is more alive than many real friends to those of us who have spent hours and days in his company by means of the printed word.

I know of no character in all human history who was so exalted and at the same time so very human. I love Lincoln because of his great character, I love him because of his unparalleled achievements, but I love him most of all because of his simple humanity — because like One greater even than himself, he was “touched with the feeling of our infirmities” and “was in all points tempted like as we are.”

When I was asked to speak on LINCOLN tonight, I recalled another invitation, on a memorable occasion, in the fall of 1929, when for the first time I visited the tomb of Lincoln in Oak Ridge cemetery at Springfield, Illinois. Anticipating this visit, I had had some preliminary correspondence with its genial custodian, Mr. H. W. Fay, into



PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
PAINTED BY WILLIAM PATTERSON,
IN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING,
LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

whose friendship a pronounced love for LINCOLN is an open sesame. As we were looking at the many interesting souvenirs collected by Mr. Fay, which at that time were on exhibition in one side of the tomb, one of the numerous visitors asked him if it would be possible to gain admission to the part of the tomb where rest the remains of Lincoln and all of his family with the single exception of his son Robert. *Mr. Fay re-

*NOTE: The following paragraph, under the heading "Lincoln Tomb Visitors," by H. W. Fay, Custodian, appeared in the Illinois State Journal, Springfield, Ill., October 5, 1929:

"If Lincoln's tomb had had but one visitor in twelve months it would be worth its cost for the delight that Guy Richardson, the Boston editor and Lincoln author, poet and collector, got out of his half-day visit. He was accompanied by his wife. In his collection of Lincoln data he has numerous accounts of the collection, of its extent and of the interest it has awakened outside of Springfield. On arriving in this city they made their way to Memorial Hall as soon as breakfast was over and stayed until dinner time. Mr. Richardson had some correspondence a few years ago with Jacob C. Thompson, the Lincoln authority, on some disputed points, and he had Mr. Thompson on his list. At the tomb Mr. Richardson met William Patterson, the Lincoln painter, who came in a few minutes after he had commented on the merits of two of Mr. Patterson's prize efforts. Mr. Richardson invited him to come to Boston and display samples of his work."

The picture opposite this page is a reproduction of a photograph, presented to the author on the occasion of this meeting in Springfield, of the portrait painted by Mr. Patterson for the new Administration Building, Lincoln Park, Chicago, Illinois.

plied, "There is a gentleman from Boston here who is to be admitted shortly and if you are around then you may go in, too." This was before the recent reconstruction of the interior of the tomb, when the only way to view this part was by special permission of the custodian who kept it locked except when he personally escorted visitors into it. We were admitted, and soon Mr. Fay exclaimed, noting a crowd of forty or fifty, "Why, where did you all come from?" Of course everybody in the vicinity, as soon as they saw the big doors being opened, hastened in to see what they could of the interior. Mr. Fay explained briefly the history of the tomb, especially of the attempt to steal Lincoln's body, and the later burial of the body in solid concrete, ten feet under ground, and then turned to me, as I was standing directly above the spot where the remains of LINCOLN are so carefully preserved, and said: "Mr. Richardson of Boston is here today. Now, Mr. Richardson, have you anything you would like to say?" I had not anticipated such a

request and for a second was stunned as to what I should do. Then I thought, "Have I anything to say, standing here as near as it is humanly possible to get to all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln?" I had spoken on the subject a hundred times to all sorts of audiences, but to be asked to say a word here, to this assembly of half a hundred people not one of whom except the wife who was with me, I had ever seen before, and in these surroundings which thrilled me as I had never been thrilled before on any similar occasion, was a supreme moment in my life. Yes, I had stood before at the tombs of the illustrious great—at the medieval mausoleum of "the divine" Dante in old Ravenna, right down in the crypt beside that beautiful sarcophagus of Napoleon the Great in Paris, and, even more thrilling, before the simple stone that marks the remains of mighty Shakespeare in that sacred church in Stratford-on-Avon, but never did I have the sensation of nearness to the great, of standing on super-sacred ground that I had while in that hushed presence in the

very tomb of LINCOLN. It was enough to inspire the dullest, to open the mouth even of the dumb. I responded in a few sentences that I thought appropriate, but not one of which I can recall though the experience itself will ever be one of my choicest memories.

And now I wish to read you a rather remarkable poem on LINCOLN which, so far as I know, has never been published or broadcast in these parts. But, first, let me give you a bit of its history as it was given to me in correspondence with the author, Mrs. Mary Whedon Bandy. She says that it was written on the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, at the request of the editor of a weekly paper in a small Montana town in whose office she was employed. Some years later, somebody sent a copy of the verses to Robert Todd Lincoln who, just a short time before his death in 1926, sent the following note, with a check for one hundred dollars, to the author:

“Dear Madam: A Canton citizen sent me a copy of the Lewiston News containing the poem, “The Hero We Crown Today” and its singular beauty has brought tears to my old eyes. Many wonderful things have been said of my dear father but nothing more wonderful than this centennial poem.

“Not in payment for that which is priceless, do I enclose this check; merely to emphasize my appreciation.

“Very gratefully yours,

“R. T. Lincoln”

Mrs. Bandy wrote me that the \$100 took care of herself and aged foster-mother one whole winter.

This is the poem that so touched the heart of Abraham Lincoln’s eldest son:—

THE HERO WE CROWN TODAY

By Mary Whedon Bandy

Not unto them shall be the glory
That comes with victory, easily won;
'Tis the WORK of the day that tells the story,
Not its ending and not its dawn.
We all have work if we only knew it,
Work that only our hands can do;
Crowns to win if we would but do it,
And reach the Port of the good and true.
The simple task if we let it balk us,
The work unfinished and incomplete,
Will be but a burden of shame to mock us
When we lay it down at the Master's feet.

Lincoln, the toiler, who in his childhood
Plied a hoe in his native soil,
And rose from a cabin within the wildwood
Through the strength of his honest toil—

A hundred years, and his name victorious
Lives and is loved in the hearts of men,
And a grateful nation, great and glorious,
Crowns him with laurel and rue again.
The rugged face that the years leave with us
Shines upon us, and all the while
They, his condemners, cry "Forgive us"
And he answers them with his deathless
smile.

Not for profit and not for glory,
Not for power and not for fame,
Waged he a warfare, great and gory,
Only for men and in Freedom's name.

It is only the men who live for others
And toil and strive for another's good—
Calling all men equal and all men brothers
Who know the meaning of Brotherhood.
He followed a pathway few would venture
Until his mighty heart grew still,
And bore the curses and blame and censure
As Christ the cross on Calvary's Hill.
But every shot in the battle fired
Was a gaping wound in his own brave
breast,

And his hands grew heavy, his heart grew
tired,

And his eyes looked up to the goal of rest.
He knew no rest, but resistless spirit!

He knew that the cross must be soon laid
down,
That the goal was Death, and he did not
fear it

But bent his brow for the thorny crown.

History tells of the Emperor Nero

Who slew the Christians in lust and hate,
But a greater martyr, a greater hero

Never knocked at the golden gate
Than he, who rose in his might and bravery
To free a people in Freedom's name,—
Than he, who saw in the black man's
slavery

A nation's ruin—a nation's shame.

And, thus, today have we gladly crowned
him,

With love and honor and falling tears,
Glad that our flag was wrapped around him
Every day of a hundred years!

Glad that he knocked at Freedom's portal,
Glad of the work his hands have done—
Glad that his name, undimmed, immortal,
Shines as bright as the deathless sun.

LINCOLN, we name thee in song and story,
We crown thy brow and we deck thy
grave,
And a glorious nation will sound thy glory
Just as long as its flag shall wave.

IV

THE SECOND NOMINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR PRESIDENT

Radio Talk on Station WHDH, Boston, June 15, 1933

EIGHT of the fifteen Presidents of the United States before Abraham Lincoln had sought and received renomination, but only five of them had been re-elected, as John Adams was beaten by Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams was overthrown by Andrew Jackson, and Martin Van Buren was defeated by Wm. Henry Harrison. It was but natural that Lincoln, in the face of this record and particularly because of the exigencies of the Union cause, should desire to continue his administration beyond the first term. His ardent wish was to finish the great job that the people had given him to do. But everybody knows that there was

opposition to Lincoln, both within and without the camp. Horace Greeley, always a thorn in Lincoln's side, as early as the spring of 1863 picked General Rosecrans, then meeting with paramount military success, and many prominent Republican leaders joined with Greeley in sounding Rosecrans as a candidate to defeat Lincoln. But the gallant General was absolutely loyal to his Commander-in-Chief; he said that Greeley was wrong in his opposition to Lincoln and that time would show it. Later in the same year, several papers, especially the New York Herald, began to boom General Grant for the nomination. Grant was then the country's military hero, a name with which to conjure in politics. As yet he and Lincoln had not met. The President was deeply concerned; he did not wish to lose the most promising General he had found in three years; he did not wish to lose the nomination for himself. His anxiety is shown by his sounding General Grant's feelings on the subject through a friend, J. Russell Jones of Chicago. Jones wrote to

Grant, urging that he should not pay attention to the newspaper articles in this connection. Grant replied that everything of that nature went into the waste-basket, that he had as big a job on hand as one man need; that his only ambition was to suppress the rebellion; and that, even if he wished to be President, he would not accept a nomination, if tendered, so long as there was a chance of keeping Mr. Lincoln in the chair. The entire letter exhibited perfect devotion to Lincoln. When, in a conversation later, Mr. Jones voluntarily showed this letter to Lincoln, the President read it with evident interest as far as where Grant told of his loyalty to Lincoln, when he stopped and put his hand on Jones' shoulder and said:

“My son, you will never know how gratifying this is to me. No man knows, when that presidential grub gets to gnawing at him just how deep it will get until he has tried it; and I didn't know but what there was one gnawing at Grant.”

The vice-president, Hannibal Hamlin, was approached by the opposition, but while,

he stated, he did not always agree with Mr. Lincoln, he was thoroughly loyal to him.

Now comes the willing candidate. Salmon P. Chase had been a rival for the nomination in 1860. Though defeated and given a conspicuous place in Lincoln's cabinet, the great Secretary of the Treasury never seemed to realize his chief's greatness till after the assassination. A "confidential" circular was put out in February, 1864, calling for the country to organize in behalf of Mr. Chase. The Secretary had permitted his name to be used and offered his resignation if the President felt his action would be a detriment to the administration. All the time Lincoln was informed of Chase's actions. Of course there were protests. This was Mr. Lincoln's response to Editor Henry J. Raymond:

"Raymond, you were brought up on a farm, were you not? Then you know what a 'chin fly' is. My brother and I were once plowing corn on a farm, I was driving the horse, and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion rushed across

the field so that I with my long legs could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow, I found an enormous 'chin fly' fastened upon the horse and I knocked it off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go!'

"Now, if Mr. Chase has a Presidential 'chin fly' biting him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his Department go."

Mr. Chase's state, Ohio, was not willing, though Lincoln was, that the Secretary should run for President, so he had to withdraw on Ohio's demand that Lincoln be renominated.

Yes, the popular demand was for Abraham Lincoln to succeed himself. Opposition here and there faded away before June 8, 1864, the date of the Baltimore Convention. Lincoln had used an expression in an otherwise unimportant speech. He said something about the unwisdom of swapping horses in crossing a stream. The newspapers took up

this slogan, orators emphasized it, people quoted it everywhere. There was danger in changing Presidents in the middle of the War. Grant was succeeding in his attacks towards Richmond. The more optimistic thought he would be there by July. Everybody knew beforehand the result of the Union Convention in June. On the first ballot Missouri insisted on giving her 22 votes to Grant; but on the second reading this was changed and the final vote was 506, or 100 per cent for Abraham Lincoln.

If Lincoln had not been renominated and re-elected in 1864, the world would never have had the Second Inaugural, a piece of literature comparable only to the immortal Gettysburg address.

V

LEARNING FROM LINCOLN

Address at Banquet of Boston Trade School Alumni,
February, 1927

NINE years ago this month there appeared in the American Magazine an anonymous article, "What I Have Learned from 'Abe' Lincoln." The author tells how, after graduating from a New England college, he entered business side by side with one who had been president of the senior class, and was the most popular man in school. He was of magnetic personality, with one of those winning smiles that sell goods before a word is spoken, one who succeeds by sheer force of winning personality. Now the writer of this article was not at all of this type. He was very plain, not especially prepossessing in appearance, and one who had to win his way by hard work and a

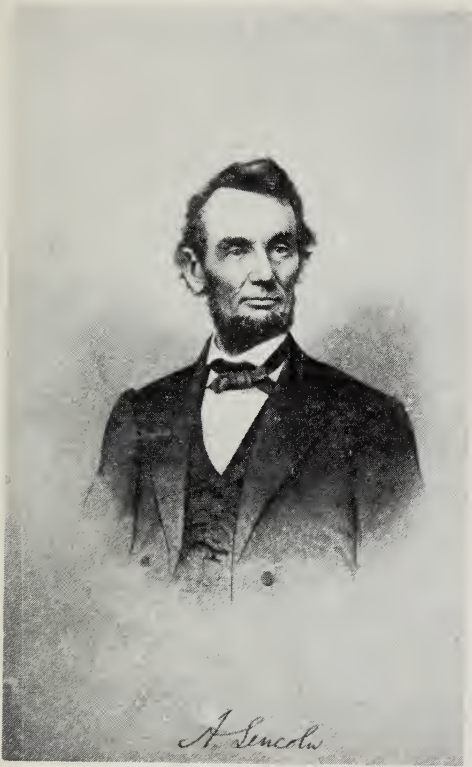
dogged perseverance, with honesty and willingness as his chief assets.

On the first day at the office each man was handed a bunch of cards of prospects, all being those which had been given up as hopeless or not worth while by the older and more experienced salesmen. The writer went forth, made his calls, and returned to the office in a very dejected state of mind. He had not sold a single order; in many cases he had failed even to get an interview at all, and where he did, he was soon dismissed. He simply could not help showing his disappointment before the force. The other men tried to cheer him up, saying nobody expected he would be able to sell those prospects, that they were given to him to try out more for experience than anything else, and that he should not be discouraged if he did not make a sale for a month.

Just then his old classmate returned from the day's work, with his report on a similar list of old prospects. He had made one good sale, reported great encouragement for another larger order, and immediately was

hailed as the hero of the day, acclaimed by all. Our writer started out for his boarding-place, in this new town a thousand miles away from home. But his heart sank within him. He had been hopelessly beaten by his rival. He was completely discouraged; his morale was entirely broken down. As he walked along, he got to thinking of his situation, of his plight. He feared that his career in that particular office would be very short indeed. They would have little use for him when his brilliant schoolmate could make such a fine showing, especially on the first day at work. He was outclassed, out-sold, outdone. He reached his room and sank into a chair to think over what he should do.

Just then, as he looked up, his eyes rested upon the wall, on a picture which he had hung there when he took the room. It was a portrait of his hero, of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The eyes seemed to be looking directly at him. In them he caught a look of sympathy. And instantly there flashed into his mind the thought that that great man never won his place in history because



“IT WAS A PORTRAIT OF HIS HERO”

of his fine looks, nor because of his gracefulness, nor yet because of the cut and style of his clothes. He had won in spite of all those defects, which were the opposites. If Abraham Lincoln could succeed with all his handicap of uncouth manners and homely looks, then he, this young man who clearly was better dressed and less awkward in appearance than his beloved hero—then he could succeed, also. Right then and there, at the end of that first day in business—that all but fatal day for his hopes—he resolved that he would succeed, that he would not allow his classmate to beat him out in securing business.

Then this man goes on to tell of other and supremely important respects in which Abraham Lincoln helped him. He immediately bought three or four books on Lincoln and began to read up about him and to get intimately acquainted with him. He discovered many incidents in Lincoln's life, such as I have discovered and such as all those who study Lincoln carefully, discover, which show how much of personal pride and

dignity Abraham Lincoln was willing to give up in order to achieve his great purpose.

Out of the myriad of lessons that can be drawn from this great life, I wish to try in a very few minutes, to impress upon you just three points, facts which I think we would all do well to remember and to apply in our own careers.

First, Lincoln showed good judgment in selecting his associates. He knew the art of choosing and of choosing well. Perhaps you have heard the comment of the farmer who was told about the bull that took a stand on the railway crossing just as the engine was approaching, "I admire his courage, but I wouldn't give a damn for his judgment." I know of no more forcible way of saying that courage, noble as it is, may utterly fail without the balance of judgment. Lincoln had no choice, as we had no choice, of parentage, of birthplace, of early environment. But when he arrived at his majority he began to exercise choice, to make judgments. We have time to speak of only one instance in his mature life. His choice of his Cabinet

officers. How his rare judgment shows here, especially how it shows in contrast with similar choice, or lack of choice, on the part of some incumbents of the Presidency in our day. Wilson, whose position in world history might have been vastly different from what it is, might be in future vastly different from what it will be, had he been great enough, in a later crisis, to appoint to his cabinet not what he considered the best men of his own party, but the best men of the entire country. Lincoln, a President great enough to appoint to a place in his Cabinet three men, each of whom had unsuccessfully contested his nomination for the Presidency. And Lincoln was quick to recognize his mistakes, and when one of these did not measure up to his expectations, he did not fail to supplant him with another and more useful man. Yes, Lincoln had rare judgment in selecting his lieutenants.

And, secondly, let me emphasize Lincoln's tolerance of those who differed from him. Was ever man thus maligned and persecuted! Greeley, lashing him daily in

the powerful and widely-influential New York Tribune, Sumner and other well-meaning but over-enthusiastic abolitionists, saying against him more bitter words even than did any of the South; yet Lincoln, as we would say in this day of the national game, kept his eye on the ball. Where, in all history, has a great leader so surrounded himself with three powerful men, each of whom differed in many points with him, yet kept them at their posts to work out with him the great task to which he was assigned, — three such men as Lincoln's most able Cabinet members, Seward, Stanton, and Chase? Every one of them, at first, knew the President's job better than he himself did. At least, so they thought, and thought honestly, and they did not hesitate to let Mr. Lincoln know what they thought. At the end of the first month, Seward told the President, in writing, that the administration was without "a policy, domestic or foreign." Seward also modestly wrote in that same communication, that he sought "neither to evade nor assume responsibility."

And the dignified, immaculately-dressed Chase felt that Lincoln was a tragic misfit and that he, Chase, was making a great sacrifice to patriotism, in accepting the position of Secretary of the Treasury.

But when we reach that fire-eater, Edwin M. Stanton, who early succeeded Cameron as Secretary of War, we come to the climax of differences between a Cabinet officer and the Chief Executive. Lincoln would issue orders, and Stanton would refuse to execute them. In one instance a messenger returned to tell the President that Stanton not only had refused to issue his order but actually had torn it up. "Did Stanton do that?" asked Lincoln, "Then I swear I will tear up a dozen of his papers before Saturday night."

And right here I come to my third and a very important point, interblended with the second one — Lincoln's readiness to suffer humility and abuse in order to gain his ends. He used what is so often wanting in business today—tact. I speak from personal experience. I have it from those who know me best, that I am lacking—to put it mildly—in tact.

Yet, sometimes, when those about me seem to fail to recognize my authority, I stop and think of Abraham Lincoln. I think of his reply about that same fiery Stanton, when a truthful but over-frank messenger came back to Lincoln and told him that Stanton said he was a fool. "Did Stanton say I was a fool?" "He did, sir, and repeated it." Quietly Lincoln replied, "If Stanton said I was a fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

And yet, my young friends, but two or three short years later, when that tragic hour of the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, came, and Abraham Lincoln's spirit was released from the care-worn and weary body, it was that same Edwin M. Stanton who, standing by the bedside of the stricken President, turned to that group of distinguished mourners in that little room in 516 Tenth Street, and uttered the most prophetic and memorable words ever spoken on Abraham Lincoln, "Now he belongs to the ages."

VI

LINCOLN'S GREATNESS OF HEART

LINCOLN'S greatness of heart—we see it in the early home in Kentucky as in his own words we learn of his kindness towards a pet pig which had been given him when he was a very small boy and his great grief when he was unable to save the grown hog from the butcher's hand; in his Indiana home of tender boyhood when his own mother was stricken with the milk sickness so that she died and he wrote to a distant minister to come, as he did months later, to preach a sermon over her grave; in his continued championing of the rights of animals against the wanton abuse of bullies; in his mighty prophecy to his companions on the trip to New Orleans when, seeing a slave on exhibition and being paraded up and down like a beast to show off her good points, he withdrew with his friends and said

to them: "If ever I get a chance to hit this thing (meaning slavery) I'll hit it hard"; in his outstanding experience as a Captain in the Black Hawk War when he shielded from his angry men, eager to maltreat and possibly kill, an innocent Indian who had strolled into Camp; in his great sympathy for Ann Rutledge, the New Salem girl, which led him to the one intense, passionate love of his life, and, upon her untimely death, plunged him into the depth of despair; in the inherent honesty which impelled him when a storekeeper to walk miles to correct a trivial error in weighing tea, again for a similar error in making change; in his readiness as a lawyer to take the side of the oppressed and unfriended, and to charge only meager fees for his services in defending, in two notable cases, unfortunate youths accused of murder; in ever appearing unmindful of the very evident shortcomings of his chosen law partner, Billy Herndon; in coming out, at a time when drinking was far more popular than it is now, not only as a total abstainer

himself but as a public speaker in behalf of temperance; in the spirit of tolerance which permitted him to take into his Cabinet three of the men who had striven against him for the prize of the Republican nomination for the presidency; in the spirit of forgiveness which caused him again and again to receive in long-suffering charity the rash criticisms of Greeley, his old-time friend, and of Sumner, and even of members of his own Cabinet; in that softness of heart which found excuse for countermanding military orders in the declaration that a Union soldier was worth more to his country above the ground than in it; in that patience which permitted him to listen to all sorts of cranks and pious delegates who sought to point out to him the will of God, dismissing one delegation with the statement that it seemed strange to him that God should not make known His will to him directly rather than by way of Chicago; in that tenderness of heart that sent him direct to the camps and hospitals to talk with the men in the ranks and give them his hearty

handshake and words of comfort; Lincoln's greatness of heart—we see it, finally, in that spirit of benevolence throughout all his troubled life which made him, though at times the most hated, at last the most loved not only of any President of the United States but of any head of any nation on earth.

VII

LINCOLN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Address at Dedication of Memorial to Civil War
Veterans, at Soldiers' Home, Tilton, N. H.,
October 12, 1928

THIS is a great year for memorials to New Hampshire soldiers. Less than one month ago, in that Paradise with which the Creator has blessed the Granite State—Franconia Notch — there was dedicated to her soldiers of all wars a magnificent memorial, carved by Nature herself, including none other than the Old Man of the Mountain, which we may fittingly term the original of New Hampshire's trade-mark. That was a truly great occasion, and His Excellency, Governor Spaulding, must have been proud indeed to receive that gift of an incomparable park, which also will stand as a memorial to his administration as chief

executive of the state of New Hampshire.

Today, my friends, we have met on this historic anniversary, solemnly to dedicate a less pretentious memorial, erected only for those New Hampshire soldiers who enlisted in the war of 1861-1865, and given by the contributions not of some thousands of individuals aided by state and private bequest, but of a few hundred individuals representing a score or two of organizations in New Hampshire known as the Sons and Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War. It is indeed a family affair, so far as the donors are concerned. It is an offering of sacrifice and love on the part of the descendants of New Hampshire Civil War veterans to the memory of their fathers, both living and dead.

So far as I know, or have been able to ascertain, this memorial is unique, in that nothing of the sort has been done in a similar way elsewhere. It seems to me that heartiest congratulations should be extended today to whoever first conceived this idea and to every one who has been in any way

instrumental in bringing that conception to the beautiful concrete form in which we behold it before us now. Happy also the thought that led to its being placed, not in the capital of the state, not in the metropolis of the state, but here in Tilton, in the very heart of New Hampshire and on ground already dedicated to her soldiers.

This is indeed a proud day for the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire Civil War veterans. As a member of the Sons, I am sometimes asked, What is the good of joining your Order, what do you accomplish? Of course our chief reply to that question relates always to the splendid work which our organizations do on Memorial Day in assisting the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic in their sacred duties of remembering their departed, and now, alas, too often doing the actual work which advanced age forbids them from doing themselves. But there are other things which these two Orders do, more than I can enumerate here, all tending to instill the spirit of patriotism into the hearts of the people, especially of the

young. And now the New Hampshire Departments of these twin organizations, at a time when the men of the Civil War are fast slipping away from our midst, have erected this monument as a permanent memorial to all the brave soldiers from the Granite State who answered the call to arms in 1861-1865.

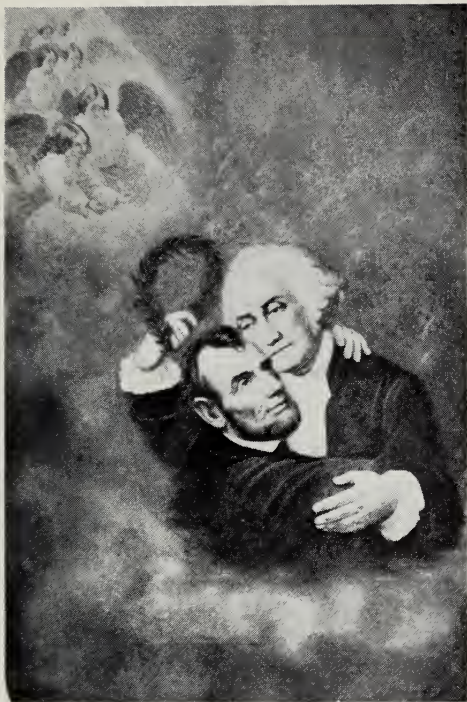
We cannot have too many such memorials as this. Without detracting one bit from the glory of the soldiers of other wars, in which New Hampshire has done her share, I affirm that it is not only the privilege but the duty of us who are the descendants of Civil War veterans to see to it that that memorable epoch of our national life is never lost sight of, either by present or by future generations. And to say this, my friends, is not to glorify war as such. Far be it from me, in this age of peace and especially in this year distinctly marked by the efforts of our own government to prevent wars in the future, to say anything that should kindle one spark of warlike spirit in any bosom. And I rejoice to know that those who have faced the actual horrors of war are among the

most outspoken in denouncing the institution of war. Such, I was glad to note, was the parting message of the recent retiring Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in his valedictory remarks at Denver last month. Perhaps, if there is any one thing more than another that an American citizen should be proud of today, it is the fact that during the administrations of Wilson and his successors, representing both political faiths, more has been done toward making this a warless world than previously had been done since the dawn of creation.

No, my friends, though we here dedicate a war memorial, we should be far of the mark if we were not to dedicate it in a spirit of peace. Let it never be forgotten that we can have true patriotism without war—thank God this is true in 1928 whatever the circumstances of 1918 or of 1861. We are now happily beginning to learn that God is not always to be the God of battles, but that He is, and that He is to be, the God of peace!

Never do I attempt anything, however humble, in the way of a memorial address,

especially concerning the Civil War, but that instinctively my mind goes back to that Memorial address of the ages, delivered sixty-five years ago next November 19, in the very middle of that war and upon its most famous battle-ground. So adequately and so concisely did the great Lincoln then express the nation's gratitude to those who had fallen in the conflict, and so gloriously and so pointedly did he set forth the lesson of that hour, that since that day our most eloquent orators have been baffled to find suitable language in which to memorialize our war heroes. I believe that this is not the place, even had I the knowledge and ability properly to do so, to attempt to glorify the deeds of the men of New Hampshire, either when fighting on the battle-fields of the South or in the subsequent six decades during which they have served their state in civil life. Their record stands out, clear and unblemished, where he who runs may read, as one of the brightest pages in the glorious history of this old Commonwealth. But a handful of them remain to us today. How we honor



THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY
RECEIVES LINCOLN TO HIS
BOSOM

them! How we love them! How proud we are to have been associated with them. As a son of New Hampshire I have been happy to have had some small share in this precious association. And I am sure that every member of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire Veterans will join with me in saluting two of our most prominent survivors of the Civil War—our good friend, Major Trickey, Commandant of the Soldiers' Home here — long may he live — and my father's Comrade up at Woodsville, Department Commander Joseph Willis!

What the final verdict of history will be as to the greatest significance of the Civil War, is an interesting question for our consideration on this occasion. There seem to be two divisions of thought on this subject, judging by what I have heard and read. One camp declares that the war was fought to free the slaves; the opposite camp insists that it was fought to save the Union. To argue one way or the other seems almost as futile as the controversy as to which came first, the egg or the chicken. We know that

we have both eggs and chickens and when we sit down to eat either we are not much concerned as to which came first. We also know that as the outcome of the Civil War, the slaves were freed and the Union was saved. But we know more than this. We know that beyond all that was accomplished by this war for our own country, much was accomplished along the lines of freedom in other nations, till a few years ago one of England's leading poets was inspired to sing these words, which I believe are worthy of immortality:

*"No man is free while one for freedom
yearns."*

But vast as this great influence for freedom throughout the world became, and I trust it is becoming vaster every day, there was another outcome of the Civil War which I believe transcends in its influence over present generations, and will transcend in its influence over future generations of every land, all other outcomes, however important

they may have seemed to be in the past, in the present, or may be in the future.

We look with dimmed eyes and as through a glass darkly upon the workings of the Divine mind. But so far as my feeble vision extends, in such light as I have been able to interpret the meaning of the story of the last sixty years, the outstanding accomplishment of the war of 1861-1865 was its part in the development and bringing to maturity of a single dominating human character, the Commander-in-Chief of the Union armies. To my mind, the imperishable glory of the men of New Hampshire who responded to the call to arms in the sixties, as of those of the other states, was their part in the greatest drama ever enacted on the American continent, out of which grew all that we know and all that we mean when we speak the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And when we participate in any event, however modest, that links us in any way with Abraham Lincoln, our interest at once becomes not merely local or state-wide, nor yet limited to our country, but world-wide.

I am glad to know that when early in 1860, Abraham Lincoln came to visit his son at Exeter, he not only spoke there but at Dover and at Manchester and at Concord. New Hampshire can claim but a small part in the life of Lincoln, but I like to think that that great spirit, when he was here on earth, walked among our habitations and talked to the men of New Hampshire. And, if we can accept his conception of the hereafter, who knows but that his immortal spirit is hovering over this spot today while, to that portion of his Boys in Blue who served under the banner of New Hampshire, we reverently dedicate this enduring memorial!

VIII

U. S. GRANT

Radio talk on Station WBZ, Boston, April 27, 1925

BORN in Ohio, April 27, 1822, U. S. Grant, like Lincoln, came of New England ancestry. The story of Grant is the story of a very common man who did very uncommon things. His boyhood was quite commonplace, but marked by an unusual love of horses, a characteristic which he always retained. He says that he did not like to work, but that, while young, he did as much of it as grown men can be hired to do now, and attended school at the same time. He had no recollection of punishment either by scolding or by the rod at home, but says that at school it was different. His school teacher always had a long beech switch in his hand, and sometimes a whole bundle would be used up in a single day.

When told by his father that he was likely to receive the appointment to West Point, Ulysses said: "But I won't go." His father replied that he thought that he would go, and that settled it. The youth of seventeen enjoyed the trip to West Point, visiting Philadelphia and New York on the way. He states that a military life had no charms for him, and that he had not the faintest idea of staying in the army even if he graduated which he did not expect. He rarely read over a lesson twice, but devoted much time to library books, especially novels. He found mathematics easy, but ranked low in French, artillery, infantry and cavalry tactics, and conduct. He hoped to see the Military Academy abolished, according to a bill then before Congress, but a year later he conceived an ambition to become a college professor. During his first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point and Grant thought him the finest specimen of manhood he had ever seen. The young cadet then had a passing presentiment that some day he might occupy his place on review.

Grant's four years at West Point were notable for association with many men who later became conspicuous officers in both armies of the Civil War. His first choice was for cavalry service, but he had to take the infantry. He was delayed in getting his uniform but when it arrived he put it on and started for Cincinnati on horseback. In one of the city streets a ragged urchin accosted him. "Soldier! will you work? No, sir-ee; I'll sell my shirt first." On his return to the little town of Bethel, Ohio, where the old stage tavern stood opposite his father's house, the newly-graduated cadet saw the stableman, rather dissipated but not without humor, parading the streets, barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons—just the color of the cadet's uniform trousers—with a strip of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams in imitation of the uniform. Many of the townspeople enjoyed the joke, at Grant's expense, but these two incidents gave the future general a dislike for military uniform from which he never recovered. The night

previous to Lee's surrender Grant suffered with a severe headache, and spent the night bathing his feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on his wrists and the back of his neck. He therefore gave no thought to his dress, and at the interview with Lee, who was resplendent in a new full uniform and carried a handsome sword, Grant was without a sword and wore only a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of his rank as lieutenant-general.

About two years were spent by Grant at St. Louis, where he became engaged to a sister of a West Point classmate, and other places where the Fourth U. S. Infantry was stationed. He hoped to be ordered back to West Point as an instructor but instead was sent with his Regiment into the Mexican War, a political war which he could never justify. He was on marches and in battle under both General Scott and General Taylor, and saw as much service as it was possible for one man to do throughout the war, entering as second lieutenant, serving as regimental quartermaster and commissary, and

being associated with many officers whom he was to meet later either as foes or colleagues. He rose to the rank of captain, while in California in 1853, and next year resigned from the army.

After two years in real estate business in St. Louis, Grant moved to Galena, Illinois, to take a clerkship in his father's leather store. He had cast his first presidential vote for Buchanan in 1856, but in 1860 favored the election of Mr. Lincoln. When the call for volunteers in April, 1861, reached Galena, Grant, though a comparative stranger, was asked to preside at the mass meeting of citizens. From that moment his time, talents and undivided services were given to the Union cause, and he never entered the leather store to do business again. But two short months before, the man who was destined to be the central figure in the great civil conflict had taken the train at Springfield, never to return alive to his adopted state. Now that same Illinois capital was to receive the future leader upon whom alone, after three years of honest but

unsuccessful experiment, Lincoln was to rely for final victory. Grant drilled the local volunteers, accompanied them to Springfield, and at Governor Yates' request, entered the office of the adjutant-general of Illinois, and helped muster regiments into the state service. Soon Governor Yates appointed Grant colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry. As the new colonel approached what might be "a field of battle," his sensations were anything but agreeable. Soon Grant was recommended by the Illinois delegation in Congress to be brigadier-general, and was so confirmed. In November, 1861, Grant won the battle of Belmont, and from then on, through the well-known campaigns of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, to mention but a few of his most important engagements, he won an almost unbroken succession of victories, culminating on April 9, 1865, with the surrender of Lee's army.

One fails, in reading the "Personal Mem-

oires of U. S. Grant," to detect that he had any love of war. Yet, once in the fray, he realized that without the shedding of blood war is a travesty, and he did not hesitate to sacrifice human lives to carry out his plans of bringing the war to as speedy an end as possible.

What were the elements of Grant's success?

As a boy he tells us that if he once passed a particular place for which he was looking, he never turned back but kept on and took another route to his destination. That trait was one of his principal rules as a military leader. *He refused to turn back.*

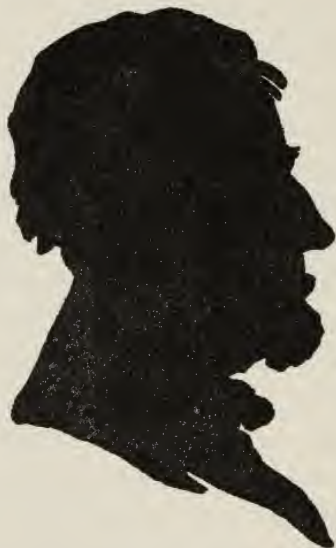
An orderly once rushed into Grant's tent and exclaimed, "The enemy is in our rear." "Then," immediately replied the calm general, "we are in his rear." Grant believed in taking advantage of every favorable opportunity for harrassing his foe or for accomplishing his own purpose. He was ever ready to take a fighting chance, and he chafed under the neglected opportunities of his superior officers.

He made no compromises with the enemy, but coined the most laconic expression known in all military history — “unconditional surrender.”

Personally, Grant had many enviable characteristics. His faith in subordinates he knew he could trust knew no bounds. His sense of justice demanded that both officers and privates should be accorded their rights. His generous commendation of his generals, notably of Sherman and Sheridan, showed that jealousy was foreign to his nature. His language was remarkably simple and pure, free from profanity. He could not countenance a salacious story, even in an army tent with no women present.

Let us see how Grant compares with the acknowledged heroes of military history. Alexander the Great, after bringing the known world into subjugation, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Grant, at Appomattox, visibly showed his emotion at the spectacle of the thinned ranks and destitute condition of the Confederate Army! Caesar gloried in the spectacle of a

Roman triumph when before his victorious chariot were paraded through the streets of the Imperial City the chiefs he had conquered and all the prisoners and spoils of war—the greater the number the more magnificent his triumph. Grant spared his adversary as much humiliation as possible, leaving him and his officers their sidearms, and permitting every man who owned a horse or mule to take it home with him. Napoleon used his great victories to increase his personal glory and to distribute his family upon the thrones of Europe. Grant, instead of marching as a conqueror into Richmond, on the morning after the surrender rode out to meet his old friend, General Lee, and sitting on horseback they held a very pleasant conversation of over half an hour. Grant's final commentary on the outcome of the Civil War is: "This war was a fearful lesson, and should teach us the necessity of avoiding wars in the future." His supreme message to us, as pertinent today as when he uttered it in 1865, is: "Let us have peace."



SILHOUETTE OF LINCOLN'S HEAD
FROM AN OLD PEN AND INK DRAWING
NOW OWNED BY THE AUTHOR

IX

WALT WHITMAN AND THE CIVIL WAR

Radio Talk on Station WMEX, Boston, May 20, 1936

WALT WHITMAN, the "good, gray poet," was one of the most colorful characters who helped to make American history during the period of the Civil War. He was born 117 years ago the 31st of this month, in an obscure village on Long Island, New York. The publication, in 1855, of the first edition of his famous poems, "Leaves of Grass," struck the most original note in American poetry not only up to that time but up to the present. He immediately won the unstinted approbation of the leading literary figure of his day, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who wrote to him that his book was "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed."

In my work for the Sons of Union Vet-

erans of the Civil War, I have again and again tried to formulate a satisfactory definition of the words, "Patriotism" or "Patriot." In this I have not altogether succeeded, but I believe I can truthfully point to Walt Whitman as a pre-eminent example of what we understand by the word, Patriot. I am especially happy to do this, as Whitman never donned the uniform of a soldier but performed his great service to his country as a civilian and a man of peace. He was also, both in theory and eminently in practice, a great democrat, in the most general acceptance of that term. He says that democracy is the mother-idea of his poems.

In one of the earlier biographies of Whitman, Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke affirms: "Those who joined the ranks and fought the battles of the Republic did well; but when the world knows, as it is beginning to know, how this man, without beat of drum or any cheers of approval, went down into those immense lazar houses and devoted his days and nights, his heart and soul, and

at last his health and life, to America's sick and wounded sons, it will say that he did even better."

It is hard for the uninitiated to realize the great influence that Walt Whitman wielded on younger literary men, particularly on English writers. William M. Rossetti was so carried away with him that he declared: "That glorious man Whitman will one day be known as one of the greatest sons of Earth, a few steps below Shakespeare on the throne of immortality." And Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of "Leaves of Grass": "a book of singular service, a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusions, and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation of all the original and manly virtues." Never in my life have I heard of a man coming under the spell of a great writer to such an extent as I did when I listened breathlessly years ago to the account by John Cowper Powys of how he lived for the space of two long

years in the grip of Whitman. Only a master genius could have exercised such enchantment over a mind like that of Powys. All of us, who have given any serious study to Whitman, have felt this charm to some extent. I remember, in my youthful enthusiasm, after having just read his *Life of Whitman*, I rushed up on Park Street one day to the venerable Frank B. Sanborn (whom I had not before met) and told him how much I had enjoyed reading his story of Whitman and that I had a chance to buy "*Leaves of Grass*," a \$2 book, for \$1. "If you can buy Whitman for a dollar, do so," replied the surprised Sanborn, "you will find it a big value."

Of Whitman's account of his experiences in caring for suffering soldiers, as reported to his mother, it has been said that "no other story of the War was more pathetic, more self-sacrificing, with a larger appeal to the emotions, than this told by Whitman in his letters. These descriptions are supplemented by selections from his diary published in "*Specimen Days and Collect*."

Whitman went to Washington to attend his brother, Lt.-Col. George W. Whitman, who had been wounded at Fredericksburg. He tells us that he began his visits among the camp hospitals in the army of the Potomac at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 21, 1863. "I went through the rooms, downstairs and up. Some of the men were dying. I wrote letters to folks home, mothers, etc." Later he speaks of going occasionally on long tours through the camps, talking with the men, etc. "Sometimes at night among the groups around the fires, in their shebang enclosures of bushes. . . . Sometimes I go down on picket with the regiments I know best."

In January, 1863, we find Whitman remaining around Washington, daily visiting hospitals. He says he is able to do a little good, having money from others. In one instance he "observed every case in the ward; gave perhaps from twenty to thirty persons, each one some little gift, such as oranges, apples, sweet crackers, figs, etc." In another ward he "supplied the men throughout with writing paper and stamp'd

envelope each"; he distributed large jars of "first-rate preserv'd berries," donated by the lady who made them; and he even gave small sums of money to some of the wounded men who were broke. Later he speaks of writing letters, "including love-letters, very tender ones."

Last week, on this hour, we heard about the battle of Chancellorsville. Whitman writes at length about it. Here is a sentence or two:—"Then the camps of the wounded—O heavens, what scene is this? — is this indeed *humanity*—these butchers' shambles? There are several of them. There they lie, in the largest, in an open space in the woods, from 200 to 300 poor fellows—the groans and screams — the odor of blood, mixed with the fresh scent of the night, the grass, the trees—that slaughter-house!" Then he goes on, with equal realism, to portray specimen cases—but I shall spare you the gruesome recital. It is refreshing to go on and read how Whitman ministered to the needs of the wounded—writing letters here, reading from the Bible there, affectionately

kissing farewells to brave youths going to their last sleep. One dying boy asked him if he enjoyed religion. "Perhaps not, my dear, in the way you mean, and yet, may-be, it is the same thing." But we *know* that Whitman really did enjoy practising his particular brand of religion.

Let it be recalled that Whitman's income was always very small (his \$1600 clerkship in Washington, after the war, was the largest amount he had ever earned up to that time), that he received no compensation whatever for his services as nurse and companion to the afflicted soldiers, but that from his scant purse he supplied many comforts to the sufferers. His letter to his mother, May 26, 1864, is to the point: "The work grows upon me and fascinates me. It is the most magnetic as well as terrible sight: the lots of poor wounded and helpless men depending so much, in one ward or another, upon my soothing or talking to them, or rousing them up a little, or perhaps petting or feeding them their dinner, or supper, or giving some trifle, anything,

however trivial, to break the monotony of those hospital hours.”

Although Whitman had a fine physique, his war service proved too much for it and in June, 1864, his health failed him and he never again fully recovered it. In twenty months he had visited the hospitals 600 times and had personally served something like 100,00 suffering soldiers. But in February, 1865, he was back again in Washington, not completely well but able to work some and to renew his visits to the hospitals. In May he again writes to his mother: “I stayed to-night a long time by the bedside of a young Baltimorean, aged about nineteen years, very feeble, right leg amputated, can’t sleep. Evidently very intelligent and well-bred; very affectionate; held on to my hand, and put it by his face, not willing to let me leave. As I was lingering, soothing him in his pain, he says to me suddenly: “I hardly think you know who I am. I don’t wish to impose upon you—I am a rebel soldier.” I said I did not know that, but it made no difference. Visiting him daily for about two weeks after

that, while he lived, I loved him much, always kissed him, and he did me. In an adjoining ward I found his brother, an officer of rank, a Union soldier, a brave and religious man. It was in the same battle both were hit. One was a strong Unionist, the other Secesh; both fought on their respective sides, both badly wounded, and both brought together here after a separation of four years. Each died for his cause."

A month later he tells his mother about writing several letters, one for a North Carolina lad of eighteen, "quite a gentle, affectionate boy; wished me to put in the letter for his mother to kiss his little brother and sister for him." This ward was used for Secession soldiers exclusively. "There are some fifty Southern soldiers here; all sad, sad cases." In December, 1865, Whitman writes that the only remaining hospital is now "Harewood," out in the woods northwest of Washington, and that he has been visiting there regularly every Sunday for two months.

How Whitman was regarded by the war

authorities is shown in the well authenticated statement that "when doctors despaired of a patient, frequently they would say, 'Turn him over to Whitman. Perhaps he will save him.' "

In the complete edition of "Leaves of Grass" the "Drum-Taps" and "Memories of President Lincoln" occupy in bulk only a scant tenth of all the pages, but I am very sure that their importance and contribution to his fame as poet are altogether out of proportion to their relatively small volume. Whitman had grown up so unalterably opposed to slavery that, rather than compromise his pronounced views, he lost his position as editor of the "Brooklyn Eagle" as early as 1847. The outbreak of war stirred him to the very depths of his great soul:

"I see but you, O warlike pennant! O banner so broad, with stripes,
I sing to you only,
Flapping up there in the wind."

It was no mere hearsay or newspaper reports that inspired the graphic poems included under the appropriate title, "Drum-Taps." Whitman knew war as fully as any man out of a uniform could know it. "I soon get acquainted anywhere in camp, with officers and men, and am always well used," he writes. When he penned:

"Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips" in "The Wound Dresser" and "And bombs bursting in air, and at night the vari-colored rockets" in "The Artillery-Man's Vision," he was writing exactly what he himself had felt and seen.

But to my mind Whitman's great glory as a war poet rests in those two sublime tributes to Abraham Lincoln—"When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" and, my favorite poem on the martyred president, which I would name as Whitman's masterpiece, "O Captain, My Captain!" which closes with these words:

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no
pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

X

IN MEMORIAM

Radio Talk on Station WAAB, Boston, October 23,
1934

GOOD evening: There are very few sons or daughters of veterans of the Civil War whose fathers have survived to the present day. For the most of us, the father who, seventy years ago, wore the Union blue, is but a precious memory. And so, as one of the 30,000 members of the Order of Sons of Union Veterans, I purpose tonight to call up a few recollections of our fathers of '61 to '65 of whom we are justly proud.

Naturally I can speak most authentically of the one I knew best—my own father. For thirty years he was a country store-keeper in a small village in northern New Hampshire. More than half this time he was also postmaster, and, too, he was active in

politics, serving two terms in the State legislature. But I can never think of him apart from his interest in the Grand Army of the Republic and his arduous activities on Memorial Day. He was not unmindful of his duties to the church and to civic interests; but with him the Grand Army of the Republic was an obsession, and Memorial Day was the one supreme day in the calendar of his life. It was he who saw to it that not a single grave of a soldier of any war in the burying-grounds in his district remained unhonored by the decoration of flag and flowers. And was it not he who, after half a century's participation in Memorial Day services, at the age of 84 insisted, despite recent infirmities, in joining his two surviving Comrades and acting as President of the Day at the public Memorial exercises—the last time he left his home except to go to the hospital from which he was taken to his final resting-place?

In paying this humble tribute to my own father I do so knowing that to thousands of my fellow Sons of Veterans, some of

whom are now listening in, there may come a flood of tender memories of their own soldier fathers whose devotion and service to the Grand Army of the Republic cannot be told too abundantly nor too eloquently.

In speaking for the Sons of Veterans I always feel that I am speaking, too, for the Grand Army of the Republic, for that organization is, or has been, the central luminary of all the affiliated patriotic societies. It was the Grand Army of the Republic, organized in 1866, that gave to our country that precious and (except Christmas) most sacred of all our holidays, Memorial Day, which long has been a legal holiday in every state, except nine in the South, in every territory, in the District of Columbia, and in all our colonial possessions. It was for this Memorial Day and its sacred observances, that our Order of Sons of Veterans was formed. Time does not permit me here to dwell upon what the Sons of Union Veterans and their associates, the Daughters of Veterans and the Sons of Veterans Auxiliary, are doing on each successive Memorial Day

to keep green the memory of the fathers who wore the Union blue. But I do wish to speak of what I know about one unit of the Sons of Veterans here in Massachusetts, the Camp in Roxbury to which I belong—that its members decorate no less than 1,000 graves of Union soldiers in Forest Hills Cemetery every Memorial Day. Many similar Camps in rural communities decorate every known Union soldier's resting-place in even the most remote burying grounds in their townships. It is particularly for this important work on Memorial Day that the Sons of Union Veterans seek an increase in membership, and therefore urge those eligible to get in touch with our headquarters.

The other day, as I was walking through our State House, I viewed again that beautiful Hall of Flags and, as I looked upon the tattered mementos not only of our Civil War but also of our other wars, I thought of that eloquent apostrophe to the battle flags that was spoken by John A. Andrew, the great war Governor of Massachusetts, when he received the Union flags in 1865:

“Proud memories of many fields; sweet memories alike of valor and of friendship; sad memories of fraternal strife; tender memories of our fallen brothers and sons, who, with dying eyes, looked last upon their flaming folds; grand memories of heroic virtues, sublime by grief; exultant memories of the great and final victories of our country, our union, and the righteous cause; thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature itself, unexampled by any former achievement of arms; immortal memories with immortal honors blended—twine around these splintered staves, weave themselves along the warp and woof of these familiar flags, war-worn, begrimed and baptized with blood.”

I wonder if it may not be possible that at least one or two Comrades, perhaps several, are listening in, and in case they are, my final word shall be for them. Up in my native town in the foothills of the White Mountains, is a country church in which, some years ago on Memorial Sunday, it was my privilege to

see a beautiful window given by the Relief Corps of my father's Post, dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic. In that window, in colors of resplendent glory, are the letters, G. A. R. and W. R. C., emblematic of those to whom it is a memorial. Near the top is an open Bible, and then, in that splendid window is a cluster of beautiful Easter lilies, emblem of our great hope—the Resurrection.

Methinks, Comrades, that tonight I see another window—one not made with hands but eternal in the heavens. And across the face of that window I see three words linked together — Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty, and under them, the words: Grand Army of the Republic. And, in the background, in countless throngs, I see long columns of the Boys in Blue—"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong." Yes, I see also the torn ranks of Bull-Run, the mutilated regiments of Antietam, the slaughtered hosts of Gettysburg, the fiery legions of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the long lines of the Army of

the Potomac, the great columns that marched through Georgia, the brave men on horseback, the sailors of the sea, and the victorious army that swept through Pennsylvania Avenue; yes, and around that window I see faces that were familiar to you men of '61—Howard, who was pleased to be called “the Christian,” McClellan and Burnside, Halleck and Pope, Sedgwick, Hancock, and the cautious Meade, Logan and Rosecrans, Thomas and Joe Hooker, and Phil Sheridan and Farragut and Sherman and Grant; and, in the center, the features, no longer homely but now transformed into eternal beauty, of Abraham Lincoln, and as I watch that sublime countenance, I see the lips move, and again I hear those immortal words which I leave with you tonight: “With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on.”

XI

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Radio Talk on Station WHDH, Boston, August 13,
1934

IT seems appropriate this week, when the Grand Army of the Republic and its allied Orders are holding their annual national Encampments at Rochester, New York, to say a few words about that splendid, but rapidly diminishing organization composed of Union veterans of the Civil War. When we reflect that that conflict ended sixty-nine years ago, it seems impossible to realize that enough of those soldiers remain to keep their organization intact. Yet it is said that four years of normal army activities add five years to a man's expectation of life. When, nineteen years ago, the Grand Army held its national Encampment at Washington, no less than 1,000 representatives of that

Order from Massachusetts alone marched in the annual Parade. Today the total membership in the Massachusetts Department is below 400, and of that number barely a score or so are expected to be able to assemble at Rochester for the Encampment this week. But when we recall that practically all of those men are nearer ninety than eighty years of age, we pause reverently and salute that brave and courageous remnant whose patriotism still prompts them to rally once more around the banners of their all but departed regiments.

My time does not permit, nor is it necessary for me to tell here, anything of the glorious history of the Grand Army of the Republic. Suffice it to remind you that six outstanding soldiers of the Civil War—five of them Generals and one a Major — succeeded to the Presidency of the United States and thus controlled the destiny of this nation for no less than a quarter of a century of its most interesting and epoch-making existence. Hundreds of other Union soldiers served their country in only less powerful

places—as Vice-Presidents, Cabinet members, in the national Senate and House, and as Governors of states. It was one of the Soldier-Presidents, James A. Garfield, who paid this tribute to the men of 1861-65: “They summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.”

But now let us visit in imagination that gathering of the men in Blue at Rochester, few indeed in numbers but, oh, how precious in their experience and in the rich lives that they have all but completed. What memories of by-gone days they will call up to each other as they mingle again, from North and South, from East and West! No longer are they octogenarians and nonagenarians but once more they are lads of sixteen and eighteen, filled with the fresh enthusiasms of youth. No more are they dependent on canes or crutches, or obliged to ride in parade—again they are erect and agile, formed in military precision, and off on the long march.

No modern hotels now offer them the comforts and luxuries of twentieth-century living; once more they are back, "tenting on the old camp-ground." What stories of army life they are telling to each other—perhaps repeated for the hundredth time! What jokes on old Comrades and on themselves they are again rehearsing! Yes, what songs of war-time they are again gaily singing—with feeble voices, to be sure, but with all the old-time fire and enthusiasm of spirit! There is inspiration in the spectacle, though seen only in the mind's eye; but there is also sadness and a distinct tinge of melancholy. It will be the last Round-Up for many of these gallant veterans. For several years we have heard rumors that no more National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic would be held, yet the few surviving members are loath to give up their annual rallies and supported by their five auxiliaries—the Woman's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the G. A. R., the Daughters of Union Veterans, the Auxiliary to the Sons of Union Veterans, and the Sons of Veterans them-

selves, a gallant remnant of the Old Guard still carry on.

And so the record of the Civil War veterans stands out clear and unblemished where he who runs may read. But no longer are they able to carry out their plans of keeping green the memory of their departed Comrades by decorating their graves on each succeeding Memorial Day. No, but a handful of these men remain to us today. Their work has been done. No longer can they function, either in public exercises or in the physical exertion of decorating graves. Yet, how we honor them! How we love them! How proud we Sons of Union Veterans are to have had some small share in assisting the fathers in their sacred tasks. But now comes our wonderful privilege and our unprecedented opportunity. No, we cannot take their places, we do not seek to do that, but we can carry on in the work of Memorial Day. For that purpose alone our Order was organized. And we need recruits at once to fill up our own ranks. Throughout Massachusetts we have some 125 active units,

known as Camps. Membership in the Order is limited to lineal descendants of Union soldiers, sailors or marines of the Civil War—sons, grandsons, great-grandsons. If you, who are eligible and who hear this talk, are not now a member but have been at some time in the past, we invite you urgently to rejoin. If you have never been a member, and know little of the Order, we urge you to send today an enquiry to our office at 606 Tremont Temple, Boston, which will receive prompt attention. We will be glad to send you literature about our aims and to direct you to the nearest Camp where you may join in our activities and thus do your share in honoring the men who wore the Union blue.

XII

TWICE-TOLD ANECDOTES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN did not believe in smoking for himself. In a poorly printed little volume, in paper covers, put out about 1863, called "Honest Abe's Jokes," I find this anecdote:

Someone was smoking in the presence of the President and complimenting him on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking.

"That is a doubtful compliment," answered the President. "I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a segar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time and then grunted out: "It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguey few virtues."

I found this in a nondescript newspaper clipping, described as an "old" story, though to me, familiar with literally thousands of Lincoln anecdotes, it was new.

It seems that Abraham Lincoln rode out with one of his aids one day, and in the green lanes of Washington they met a ragged old Negro.

The Negro was plodding along in the dusk, but when he heard the horses' hoofs, he looked up, and when he saw who the rider was, off came his ragged old hat, and he bowed the silver of his ancient head low in the sunshine.

Lincoln raised his long bony hand to his silk hat, bowed gravely and passed on.

"Mr. President," ejaculated the horrified aid, "would you take off your hat to a ragged old rascalion like that?"

Lincoln smiled his strange wise smile.

"My friend," he said, "I allow no man to be a greater gentleman than I am."

From the privately printed and little known book, "James Speed, a Personality," by his grandson, the late James Speed of Louisville, Kentucky, I find that James Speed, who was a member of Lincoln's Cabinet during the closing months of the administration, wrote to his mother from Niagara Falls, June 6, 1865, as follows:

"I heard yesterday a very characteristic story of Mr. Lincoln that you may not have seen or heard.

"His messenger came into his room one evening and said, 'Mr. President, there is a woman in the anteroom who has been there all day, and has done nothing but weep.' 'Show her in,' said Mr. Lincoln. He received her in his usual kind manner. She told her story. Her husband and three sons had joined the Federal army. The husband had been killed. She had other small children and could not support them. She had asked that her oldest boy might be discharged to aid her. Sitting down, he said, 'I have three and you have none.' He gave her the discharge.

She found her way to the Army of the Potomac with the discharge and found that her boy had been killed the day before. Getting her paper properly endorsed, she sought Mr. Lincoln again. Mr. Lincoln read it and said, 'I have two and you have none; your second boy shall be discharged.' When he sat down to write the good woman came up and as he wrote she ran her fingers through his hair."

XIII

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE IN 1860

THE following description of Lincoln's personal characteristics, reprinted from the New York Herald in Harper's Weekly for May 26, 1860, is so evidently authentic as to his appearance just after his first nomination for the presidency, that I am using it for the concluding chapter of "My Abraham Lincoln":—

In personal appearance Mr. Lincoln, or, as he is more familiarly termed among those who know him best, "Old Uncle Abe," is long, lean, and wiry. In motion he has a great deal of the elasticity and awkwardness which indicate the rough training of his early life, and his conversation savors strongly of Western idioms and pronuncia-

tion. His height is six feet three inches. His complexion is about that of an octoroon; his face, without being by any means beautiful, is genial looking, and good humor seems to lurk in every corner of its innumerable angles. He has dark hair tinged with gray, a good forehead, small eyes, a long penetrating nose, with nostrils such as Napoleon always liked to find in his best generals, because they indicated a long head and, clear thoughts; and a mouth which, aside from being of magnificent proportions, is probably the most expressive feature of his face.

As a speaker he is ready, precise, and fluent. His manner before a popular assembly is as he pleases to make it, being either superlatively ludicrous or very impressive. He employs but little gesticulation, but when he desires to make a point produces a shrug of his shoulders, an elevation of his eyebrows, a depression of his mouth, and a general malformation of countenance so comically awkward that it never fails to "bring down the house." His enunciation is slow and emphatic, and

his voice, though sharp and powerful, at times has a frequent tendency to dwindle into a shrill and unpleasant sound; but, as before stated, the peculiar characteristic of his delivery is the remarkable mobility of his features, the frequent contortions of which excite a merriment his words could not produce.

NOTE ABOUT THE FRONTISPIECE

From accounts printed in Boston newspapers it appears that David W. Butterfield was born in New Boston, N. H., about 1849; that he came to Boston in 1860 and served apprenticeship with prominent photographers for three years; and that he had a studio of his own for thirteen years in Boston, then for twenty-three years in Cambridge, and finally settled in Roxbury where he continued in business until he died in 1933. He is represented to have photographed Lincoln, Grant, Theodore Roosevelt and others of national importance. He certainly was a familiar character to many Bostonians, as he went about selling his portraits, often greatly enlarged, of famous men. Among the many interesting reminiscences with which he entertained prospective patrons was that of his description of a trip to Washington in 1864 when he met and photographed Abraham Lincoln at the White House.

Mr. Butterfield used to call occasionally at my office in Boston, and I think it was during his last

call on me, not long before he died, that I purchased from him the interesting photograph reproduced as the frontispiece of this book. After I had had the plate made, I happened to be looking at the photograph of Lincoln, published on page 65 of Miller's "Portrait Life of Lincoln," which that authority credits to the well-known Civil War photographer, Matthew Brady, assigning the place as Washington and the time as September, 1862. I was surprised at the very close resemblance of the Butterfield photograph to this one. I then discovered that if Mr. Butterfield's age was correctly given in the newspaper reprint of 1929 which he himself handed to me, he would have been about fifteen years of age in 1864, the year he told me that he took his photograph of Lincoln. I have searched in vain through the standard collections of Lincoln photographs, from Meserve down, to find any reference to the Butterfield picture.

I am informed by Miss Esther C. Cushman, custodian of the Lincoln collection in the Brown University Library, that Miller is in error both as to the photographer and the date of the picture printed on page 65 of his book. Meserve, the recognized authority on Lincoln portraits, correctly credits this photograph to Alexander Gardner, Miss Cushman assures me, although even he assigns the wrong date for it. In his diary John Hay says, on August 9, 1863, "This being Sunday and a fine day, I went down with the President to have his picture taken at Gardner's. He was in very good spirits."

Miss Cushman adds: "Some years ago we bought from a Mrs. Mary Porter of Boston a negative varying very slightly from the one illustrated by Miller. At that time Mrs. Porter had another negative almost like it. Her husband had been a photographer and had worked, I think, for the man who succeeded Mr. Gardner in Washington. At one time he acquired a box of odds and ends, and these negatives were in it.

"The negative we have is very clear. We had enlargements made from it, and they showed the

name of the newspaper Lincoln holds, the Sunday Morning Chronicle. The date is hidden, but I compared a file of the paper and found that the issue for Aug. 9, 1863, coincided exactly with the one shown in the photograph. The shapes of the paragraphs and of the advertisements show plainly enough to determine this. Mr. Porter had written on a print from the negative that it was made by Gardner, Aug. 9, 1863."

After I had sent Miss Cushman a proof of the present Frontispiece, she offered this comment: "There are five prints of the pose that is most like your print (the Frontispiece), three in Meserve and two from the negatives once owned by Mrs. Porter. They vary as though the camera had been moved slightly to the side each time. Possibly the photographer was trying to make stereoscopic photographs. There is a slightly varying expression on Lincoln's face, but his body seems to have remained motionless. Your print has a slightly more sleepy look to the eyes than our negative. One of the prints in Meserve and the other negative owned by Mrs. Porter also have the same sleepy eyes.

"I think there can be no doubt that your print and our negative, also the several prints shown by Meserve, Nos. 49-54, were made at the same time. Meserve's statement and the supporting evidence with our negative that Gardner made them seem indisputable."

What, then, I ask, is the real explanation of the Butterfield photograph, marked with its date of 1864? I invite correspondence from other Lincoln portrait authorities so that, in the possible event of a subsequent edition of My Abraham Lincoln, full credit may be given to Mr. Butterfield for any photograph he may have made of President Lincoln and which has been overlooked for so many years by the compilers of authentic Lincoln pictures.

G. R.



